7d

SMASH!

№17
28 MAY 1966
EVERY TUESDAY

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IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

TURNED INTO **RUBBER** BY A FAKIR'S CURSE! THAT'S TROUBLE ENOUGH FOR **ANY MAN!** YET FATE HAS EVEN **STRANGER** SHOCKS IN STORE FOR RUBBER-MAN JIM HOLLIS AND FOR **YOU!** SO READ ON— AS JIM STRETCHES TO SAVE A MAN TRAPPED BY FIRE...

I CAN'T BE SEEING WHAT I **THINK** I'M SEEING!

LOOK AT HIS BODY! IT'S **STRETCHING!**

THEN THE RUBBERMAN'S HANDS CLOSE AROUND A THICK CABLE...

THOSE CABLES CARRY FOUR THOUSAND VOLTS OR MORE! HE'LL BE BURNED **TO A CINDER!**

THE TRAPPED MAN STUDIES JIM WITH DEEP INTEREST...

QUITE INCREDIBLE! **MY WORD, YES!** QUITE, QUITE INCREDIBLE!

LOOK! ALL THAT ELECTRICITY! IT DIDN'T EVEN **HURT** HIM!

YOUNG MAN, I AM PROFESSOR BIRD. AS A SCIENTIST, I AM MOST INTERESTED IN YOUR QUITE ASTONISHING ACHIEVEMENTS!

CRASH!

NEVER MIND THAT NOW! WE'VE GOT TO GET OFF THIS ROOF— **FAST!**

BUT A SECOND LATER...

THE ROOF'S CAVED IN! WE CAN'T JUMP CLEAR NOW...!

AS THEY FALL, THE RUBBERMAN **STRETCHES** HIS BODY PROTECTIVELY AROUND THE PROFESSOR...

I MAY BE MADE OF RUBBER, BUT THAT WON'T HELP ME IN THESE FLAMES— BECAUSE RUBBER CAN **MELT!**

ASTONISHING! QUITE, QUITE FANTASTIC!

THE RUBBERMAN'S FEET TOUCH A WALL— AND...

THAT WINDOW! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

THEY HURTLE CLEAR...

DON'T WORRY, PROFESSOR. MY BODY WILL ABSORB THE SHOCK WHEN WE HIT THE GROUND!

THANK YOU, YOUNG MAN. THEN I REALLY **DO** HOPE YOU WILL EXPLAIN HOW YOU ARE ABLE TO DO THESE REMARKABLE THINGS.

AND SO JIM TELLS ABOUT THE FAKIR'S CURSE...

...I KNOW IT SOUNDS INCREDIBLE. BUT, AS YOU CAN SEE, **I AM NOW MADE OF RUBBER!**

QUITE, QUITE ASTONISHING! I JUST WONDER IF **I** CAN HELP IN ANY WAY?

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JONAS SLEECH SEES THEM WALK AWAY...

THE WHOLE STRUCTURE OF YOUR BODY CHANGED! INCREDIBLE! COME BACK TO MY LABORATORY. PERHAPS— PERHAPS I **CAN** HELP...!

WE'VE FAILED! THE OLD FOOL HAS ESCAPED!

TOWERING BESIDE JONAS SLEECH IS THE MENACE SOON TO BECOME KNOWN AS— **THE BRUTE...**

COME! THIS TIME WE SHALL MAKE **SURE** WE GET HIM!

JIM FEELS NEW HOPE AS HE LISTENS TO PROFESSOR BIRD...

THE WORK I AM ENGAGED ON HAS MUCH TO DO WITH THE STRUCTURE OF THE HUMAN BODY. A CERTAIN MISTER SLEECH HAS FINANCED MY EXPERIMENTS...

...AND YOU SAY YOU CAN TRANSFER THE STRENGTH FROM ONE LIVING BODY TO ANOTHER. THAT'S ALMOST AS INCREDIBLE AS— **MY OWN CASE!**

SUDDENLY...

MISTER SLEECH PROVIDED ME WITH A VOLUNTEER ON WHICH TO PERFORM MY EXPERIMENTS. AND...WHY, GOODNESS GRACIOUS, **THERE HE IS!**

THAT THUG'S GOT A GUN!

GET DOWN! HE'S TRYING TO KILL US!

GOODNESS GRACIOUS!

DESPERATELY, JIM SWINGS THE WHEEL...

OUR ONLY HOPE IS— TO TRY AND **RUN HIM DOWN!**

GOOD GRIEF!

THE CAR IS FLUNG ACROSS THE ROAD...

AAAEEE!

JONAS SLEECH SCREAMS AN ORDER...

NEVER MIND ABOUT THE PROFESSOR. DEAL WITH **HIM** FIRST!

THE BRUTE V THE RUBBERMAN! WHAT **CAN** BE THE RESULT? WE'RE NOT SAYING, SMASHERS — BUT WE **CAN** PROMISE YOU A FIGHT YOU'LL REMEMBER!

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1966

AMMO.

DARNED FLOWERS KEEP SPROUTING UP AND RUINING MY WEED GARDEN!

BAD PENNY! STOP THAT AT ONCE!

THWACK!

THISTLES

PRICKLES

STINGING NETTLE

DEADLY NIGHT-SHADE

HEMLOCK

DANDY LIONS

HUH! IT WAS CHOKING OUT MY BINDWEED!

POOR LITTLE ROSE BUSH!

CRUNCH!

MUTTER! MUTTER! INTERFERING OLD CROW!

I SHALL TELL YOUR MOTHER!

EEK! MY BASKET! YOU'RE BREAKING IT!

THWACK!

CRUNCH!

WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU NOW? OOPS!

YOW!

JAB!

HEY! YOU'VE FINISHED OFF THE ROSE BUSH! THANKS, MRS. GLUGGINS!

GROAN!

HERE'S YOUR DINNER, CYRIL!

VENUS FLY TRAP

HAR! HAR! LOOK AT SOFT PENNY PLAYING WITH FLOWERS.

I'M NOT PLAYING! I'M FEEDING MY VENUS FLYTRAP! IT EATS MEAT!

OH, YEAH? WELL LET'S GIVE IT A REAL MEAL THEN!

PUSH!

JAB!

VENUS FLYTR

OW! OOH! OUCH! HELP!

SNAP!

I'LL TELL MY BIG BROTHER OF YOU, BAD PENNY! OWOWOWOW!

PENNY'S BULLY TRAP

THAT CALLS FOR A NEW NAME!

THIS IS FUN! I CAN WATER MY GARDEN AND GET SHOOTING PRACTISE AT THE SAME TIME!

HEY! YOU'RE SITTING ON MY PRIZE MARROW!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, DAD! I HAVEN'T HURT IT!

WELL YOU MIGHT HAVE — OOOPS!

TRIP!

OH! OH! I KNOW WHO'S GOING TO GET BLAMED FOR THIS!

OOF!

SPLAT!

THERE SHE IS!

RIGHT — WE'LL FIX HER!

GOSH! HERE COMES MR GLUGGINS AND THAT BULLY'S BIG BROTHER! THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE TO HIDE!

HEE! HEE! LUCKY I COVERED MYSELF WITH ANTI-NETTLE OINTMENT THIS MORNING!

STINGING NETTLES

SWATCH!

GOTCHA! OOWWWW! I'M STUNG ALL OVER!

GRR!

GOTTIM! WHO SAID MY GARDEN WAS NO GOOD?

STINGING NETTLE

SPLOSH!

SPLOSH!

AAGH!

SPLAT!

NETTLE RASH

IT'S JUST WHAT I WANT!

THE TELLYBUGS

HOW ABOUT A GAME OF CARDS TONIGHT, MUM?

OH, NO — COME DANCING'S ON — I MUSTN'T MISS THAT!

HUH — IT'S ALWAYS THE TELLY! WE *NEVER* GET A GAME OF CARDS. THAT PROGRAMME'S AS DEAD AS A DOOR-NAIL. ANYWAY!

INSIDE THE TELLY, THE TELLYBUGS AGREE...

HE'S RIGHT, YOU KNOW! THAT DANCING'S STALE. THEY SHOULD JAZZ IT UP A BIT!

LET'S TWIST AGAIN!

SHAKE, SHAKE — EVERYBODY SHAKE!

AND WHAT DO YOU THINK *YOU'RE* DOING?

I'M DOING THE *MONKEY* — GRUNT, GRUNT — HEH! HEH!

WELL, CUT IT OUT — *YOU'RE* MAKING THE PICTURE JUMP!

GOSH, DAD! THE PICTURE'S JUMPING ABOUT. HOW ABOUT FIXING IT FOR ME?

NOT ME! IT'S BETTER LIKE THAT, HEH-HEH! IT'S GOT SOME *LIFE* IN IT, ANYWAY.

DAD WON'T HAVE TO FIX THE TELEVISION — WE'VE FIXED THE TROUBLE! HEH! HEH!

DIRTY ROTTERS!

HEE, HEE! I'M DOING THE *KICK* NOW!

OOOO!

KICK!

GRRR — FUNNY GUY, EH? *TAKE THAT!*

ZOOM!

WHOOPS!

YAH! MISSED!!

CRASH!

PHUT!

OOOOER — HE DIDN'T MISS THE VALVE THOUGH! *THAT'S BUST IT!*

FIZ-Z-ZT!

OH, NO! NOT ANOTHER VALVE GONE! IT'S ALWAYS HAPPENING!

GOOD OLD TELLY — I'M GLAD IT DOES GO WRONG SOMETIMES! YOUR GO, MUM — HEE! HEE!

BAH! THAT TELLY! GRRR!

THE VAULT OF THE VAMPIRES

DEEP BELOW DEATH CASTLE, ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS ARE UNAWARE THAT THEY ARE ENTERING...

UGH! WHAT IS THIS FOUL PLACE?

ROLLO! THE DOOR! IT'S NO LONGER THERE!

IT'S JUST SOLID STONE!

AND ALL THE WALLS ARE THE SAME! WE'RE TRAPPED!

THESE SLABS OF STONE. WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THEM?

THEY ARE ALMOST LIKE TOMBS! AND YET THEY TOO APPEAR TO BE SOLID!

THEY HAVE NO MEANS OF TELLING THE PASSAGE OF TIME. HOURS - PERHAPS DAYS - PASS. AND AT LAST THEIR EXHAUSTED BODIES CAN BE DENIED REST NO LONGER...

ROLLO! I - I'VE GOT TO SLEEP!

YES - I CAN'T HOLD OUT ANY LONGER EITHER!

THIS PATCH OF MOSS AND STRAW LOOKS THE MOST COMFORTABLE SPOT.

WITHIN SECONDS, DANNY IS ASLEEP...

THAT PATCH OF MOSS AND STRAW IS THE ONLY COMFORTABLE PLACE. IT IS ALMOST AS THOUGH SOMEONE — SOME THING INTENDED US TO SLEEP THERE!

I'LL STRETCH OUT ON TOP OF HERE INSTEAD.

SOON BOTH ADVENTURERS SLEEP, AND THERE DESCENDS UPON THAT DREADFUL PLACE A COMPLETE AND UTTER SILENCE...

...THE SILENCE OF THE TOMB!

IT CREEPS TOWARDS THE SLEEPING DANNY, AND ITS MOIST, CRIMSON LIPS DRAW BACK FROM INHUMAN TEETH...

ROLLO GLIMPSES THE FOUL CREATURE CROUCHED OVER DANNY...

DANNY! WAKE UP!

AND THEN...

... ONE OF THE STONE SLABS WHICH ROLLO HAD THOUGHT TO BE SOLID BEGINS TO OPEN!

BUT AS THE FIENDISH THING BENDS OVER DANNY, THE SLAB OF STONE ON WHICH ROLLO IS SLEEPING ALSO BEGINS TO OPEN!

WATCH ITS TEETH, DANNY! DON'T LET IT BITE YOU!

SUDDENLY, ALL AROUND THEM, THE STONE SLABS ARE OPENING!

YES THERE IS...

THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THESE CREATURES, ROLLO! AND THERE'S NO WAY OUT OF THIS PLACE!

FROM THE DARKNESS WITHIN STEPS A MAN. OR IS IT A MAN? IS IT SOME THING IN HUMAN SHAPE?

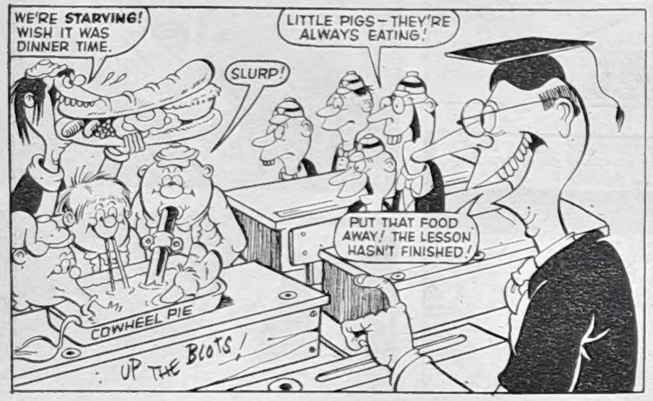
WHAT...?

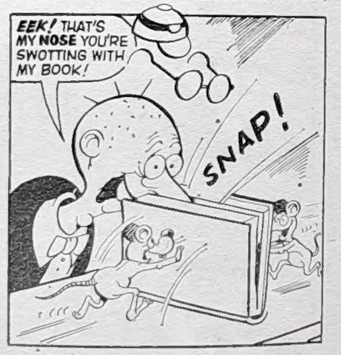
FOLLOW ME!

AND ROLLO LEAPS INTO THE OPEN TOMB!

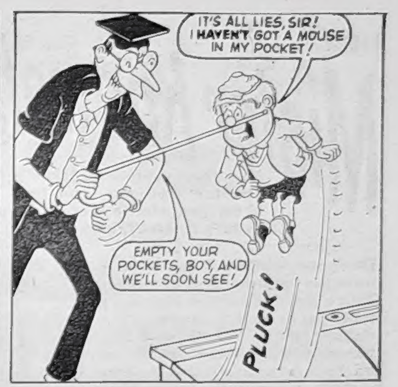
WHAT AWAITS ROLLO WITHIN THE VAMPIRE'S TOMB? YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS OURS - BUT ONE THING'S FOR SURE - IT'S GOING TO BE C-R-E-E-P-Y!

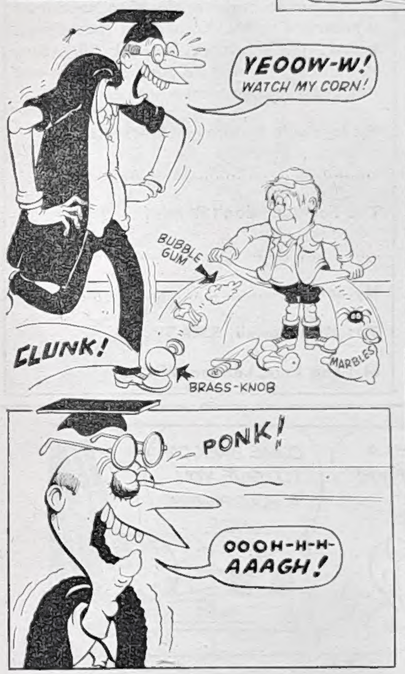
The SWOTS and the BLOTS


WE'RE STARVING! WISH IT WAS DINNER TIME.
LITTLE PIGS – THEY'RE ALWAYS EATING!
SLURP!
PUT THAT FOOD AWAY! THE LESSON HASN'T FINISHED!
COWHEEL PIE
UP THE BLOTS!



IT'S THOSE HORRIBLE BLOTS AND THEIR MICE! THEY'VE SET BOOBY TRAPS FOR US!
THOSE SWOTS ARE RATTING ON US AGAIN! HEH! HEH!
WE WON, BLOTS!





TEACHER, YOU LOOK LIKE WILLIAM THE CONKER-ER!. CHORTLE!
WHAT A SHINER!
COO! YOU'VE A LOVELY BLACK EYE, SIR!
BIG BULLIES! IMAGINE HITTING KIND OLD TEACHER! BAH!
UP THE BLOTS!

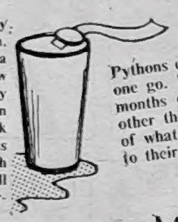
GREEDY LITTLE PIGS! WE'RE NOT HUNGRY YET!
WHAT A LIFE! SCHOOL DINNERS AT HALF PAST NINE – BUT I NEEDED THE STEAK TO CURE MY EYE!
LOVELY GRUB!
MUNCH!
SLURP-P!
WE'LL HAVE YOUR GRUB, SWOTS!
GOBBLE!
GLUGG!

MEET...

Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

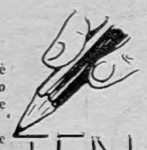
Here's another of those balancing penny tricks that are always good for a laugh. Place a penny on a strip of paper and a tumbler as shown in the drawing. Now challenge anyone to take the paper away without making the penny fall. He can only touch the paper, of course. The Trick is simple. You raise the paper until it is level with the penny and then strike it with the edge of your hand. The paper will slip from under the coin without disturbing its position.



4 + 5 = ?

WRITE four figure ones in a row like this 1 1 1 1. Now ask your mates to add five straight lines to them to make TEN!

We're not kidding it's easy, look at the solution →



TEN

People in some parts of Tibet often poke their tongues out at each other. They're not being rude, though. It is a sign of greeting.

A man was walking along the road when he saw another man struggling with a piano in a doorway. "Can I lend a hand?" he asked.

"Thanks, mate," said the other.

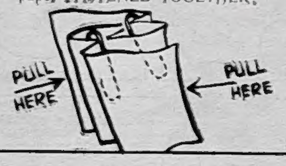
So the man took off his coat and started heaving and pushing. After about five minutes it was clear that the piano had not moved an inch. "Phew!" said the man. "At this rate we'll never get it in."

"In?" cried the other. "I'm trying to get it out!"

Pythons can swallow a whole deer at one go. But then they might go six months or more without eating another thing. Presumably the thought of what they've done brings a lump to their throats!

Clipped!

MAKE four folds in a piece of paper, and put a paper clip at the edge of each fold as shown in the drawing. Show this to anyone and ask them to link the paper clips together WITHOUT TOUCHING THE CLIPS. They'll probably think you're barmy—until you give both ends of the paper a sharp tug. Believe it or not, the clips will fly off the paper FASTENED TOGETHER!



B.U.N.G.L.E.

HE'S MISSING AGAIN!

YES—THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E. IS AWAY ON ANOTHER TOP-SECRET ASSIGNMENT. BUT HE'LL BE BACK AGAIN NEXT WEEK!

10/- for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win 10/-. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

My favourite feature in SMASH is:

.....

The Feature I don't like is:

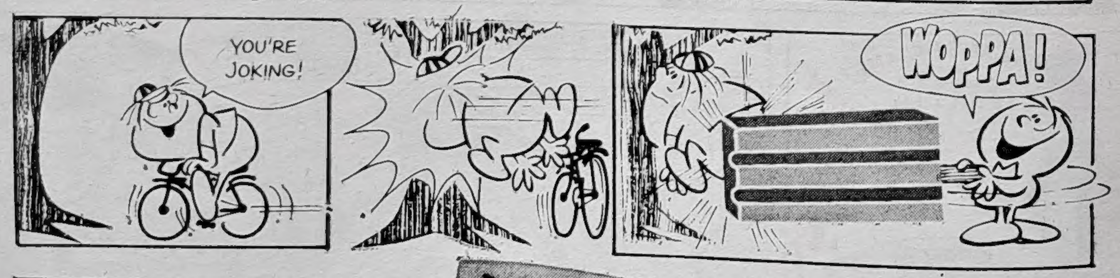
.....

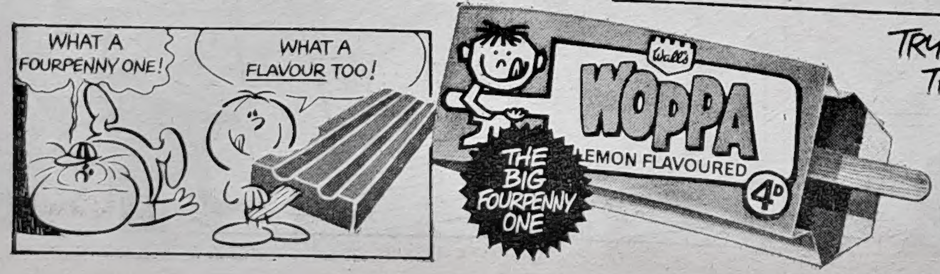
My age is:.....

To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH,

64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Willie WOPPA





TRY ALL THE NEW FLAVOURS

Walls

IGW 3-1163

THE HULK

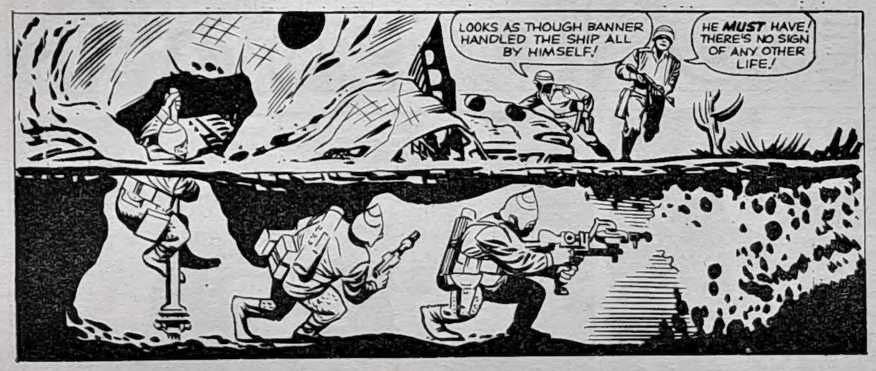
"BRUCE BANNER, WANTED FOR TREASON!"

DURING THE HOURS OF DARKNESS, MILD-MANNERED DR. BRUCE BANNER TURNS INTO THE SAVAGE UNBELIEVABLY POWERFUL CREATURE KNOWN AS THE HULK. CAPTURED BY THE TOAD MEN, THE HULK WRECKS THEIR SPACE SHIP.
LIKE A WOUNDED HAWK, THE ALIEN SHIP PLUNGES TO EARTH, AS ITS UNEARTHLY FRAME SAVES THE OCCUPANTS FROM INSTANT DEATH BY CUSHIONING THE FALL!
SURROUND THAT SHIP! SEAL OFF THE AREA! MOVE!
THIS MAY BE THE BIGGEST VICTORY WE HAVE EVER ACHIEVED! I WANT AN IRON CORDON THROWN AROUND THE SHIP!

BUT AS THE SMOKE CLEARS, ONE LONE FIGURE EMERGES FROM THE SMOULDERING WRECKAGE... THE WRECKAGE WHICH HAS FALLEN ON THAT PART OF EARTH IN WHICH IT IS STILL **DAYLIGHT!** NO LONGER THE MISSHAPEN FORM OF **THE HULK...** IT IS ONCE AGAIN THE FIGURE OF A NORMAL HUMAN BEING!

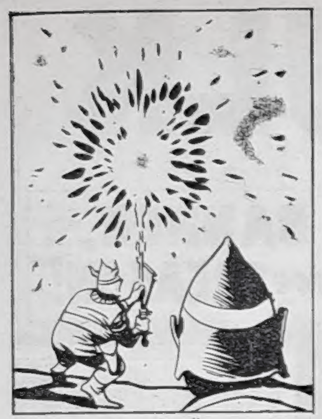
IT--IT'S DOCTOR BRUCE BANNER!!
SO! IT WAS YOU! TRYIN' A SNEAK ATTACK ON YOUR OWN COUNTRY, EH? YOU'LL NEVER TALK YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS, MISTER! TAKE HIM AWAY, MEN!

MEANWHILE, BEFORE THE TROOPS CAN MANAGE TO SURROUND THE ENTIRE SHIP, THE TOADMEN, UNHARMED BY THE CUSHIONED CRASH, FRANTICALLY USE THEIR MAGNETIC WEAPONS TO SILENTLY BLAST A HOLE IN THE EARTH BENEATH THEM!
HURRY! BEFORE THE EARTHLINGS DISCOVER US!



ONCE SAFELY AWAY FROM THE ARMED GUARD, THE TOADMEN EMERGE, AND THEN...
BRING OUT THE MAGNETIC FLARE! THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE! OUR FORCES MUST STRIKE NOW!

FOLLOW THE TOADMEN OVER THE PAGE.



THERE IS THE SIGNAL! PREPARE TO ATTACK EARTH!

MOMENTS LATER, AT A MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON...
TAKE IT EASY, RICK! THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO FOR ME NOW!
BUT, DOC, THESE JOES DON'T UNDERSTAND! THEY CAN'T CALL YOU A TRAITOR! NOT YOU!

DOC, AS SOON AS IT GETS DARK-- THE HULK CAN BUST OUT OF THIS JOINT EASY ENOUGH, CAN'T HE?
PERHAPS, RICK, BUT HE'S SO UNPREDICTABLE! IT MIGHT BE BETTER IF DARKNESS NEVER CAME!

WHILE, OUTSIDE THE CONCRETE PRISON...
I WANT A TWENTY-FOUR HOUR GUARD AROUND BANNER! UNDERSTAND, SOLDIER?
YES SIR, GENERAL ROSS! NOTHING HUMAN EVER CAN ESCAPE FROM HERE, SIR!

BUT GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS CANNOT REST EASY, EVEN AFTER REACHING HIS HOME...
DAD, YOU CAN'T REALLY THINK THAT BRUCE BANNER IS A TRAITOR! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK, BETTY! ALL I KNOW IS HE BUZZED THIS CONTINENT IN A STRANGE, POWERFUL SHIP, WITH NO WARNING AND NO AUTHORIZATION! IT'S UP TO WASHINGTON TO DECIDE HIS FATE NOW!
BRINNG!

WHAT'S THAT? AN INVASION? AN ARMADA OF SPACE SHIPS! WHERE? HOW? KEEP CALM, MAN! SOUND THE RED ALERT! I'M ON MY WAY!
DAD! IF EARTH IS IN DANGER, WE'LL NEED BRUCE BANNER! WE'LL NEED HIS KNOWLEDGE! HIS BRAINS!

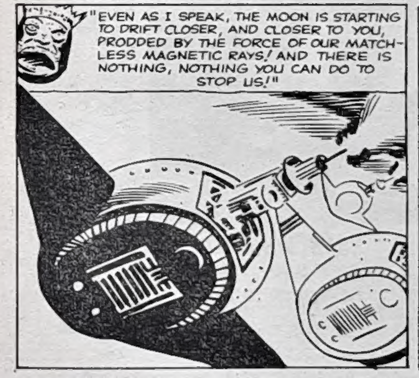
AT THAT VERY MOMENT, TRAVELLING AT INCALCULABLE SPEED, THE MIGHTIEST SPACE FORCE EVER SEEN ON EARTH STREAKS ACROSS THE SKIES, THROWING THE ENTIRE PLANET INTO A STATE OF UNCONTROLLABLE PANIC!

AND SUDDENLY, A POWERFUL MAGNETIC IMPULSE JAMS EVERY EARTH TV AND RADIO RECEIVER, AS THE FACE OF THE TOAD KING APPEARS ON SCREENS FROM BROOKLYN TO BANGKOK!
HEED MY WORDS, PUNY EARTHLINGS! FOR I AM YOUR MASTER!

EVEN NOW MY INVINCIBLE FORCES CONTROL THE SKIES ABOVE YOUR PLANET, AS THEY PREPARE TO LAUNCH THE GREATEST THREAT YOU CAN IMAGINE!

WITHIN SECONDS, OUR FLEET SHALL BE IN POSITION TO HURL ALL OF ITS MIGHTY MAGNETIC POWERS AT YOUR MOON, CAUSING IT TO LEAVE ITS ORBIT AND SPIN EVER CLOSER TO YOUR HELPLESS EARTH! EACH DAY, EACH HOUR, EACH MINUTE THAT IT COMES CLOSER IT WILL CAUSE MORE DESTRUCTION TO YOUR PRIMITIVE WORLD!

"YOUR COASTAL CITIES WILL BE FLOODED BY MILE HIGH TIDAL WAVES AS BIT BY BIT YOUR CAPTIVE PLANET WILL CRUMBLE..."
"--UNTIL THE FINAL MOMENT WHEN THE NEARNESS OF THE MOON CAUSES ALL OF EARTH TO BE HURLED OUT OF ITS NORMAL ORBIT, INTO THE DESTRUCTIVE CURRENTS OF OUTER SPACE!"


"EVEN AS I SPEAK, THE MOON IS STARTING TO DRIFT CLOSER, AND CLOSER TO YOU, PRODDED BY THE FORCE OF OUR MATCHLESS MAGNETIC RAYS! AND THERE IS NOTHING, NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO STOP US!"

"SEE HOW THE TIDES ARE BEGINNING TO RISE IN YOUR SEACOAST CITIES! CAN YOU FEEL IT? CAN YOU SENSE THE BEGINNING OF THE END FOR MANKIND...?"

"SOON YOUR VERY BUILDINGS WILL START TO CRUMBLE, AS THE CRUST OF EARTH CRACKS AND SWELLS UNDER THE UNBEARABLE PRESSURE OF THE MOON'S PROXIMITY! BUT, THERE IS STILL ONE WAY TO SAVE YOURSELVES! ONE WAY FOR US TO REVERSE OUR MAGNETIC RAYS--"

--AND THAT IS-- BY ANNOUNCING THE COMPLETE SURRENDER OF THE PLANET EARTH!
NEVER! WE'LL NEVER SURRENDER! WE'LL FIGHT 'EM! WE'LL BEAT 'EM! SOMEHOW, SOMEWAY WE'LL SAVE EARTH FOR MANKIND!
16

MEANWHILE, IN A LONELY, BARREN CELL, ONE FIGURE IS ALL BUT FORGOTTEN AS EARTH SEEMS TO TREMBLE IN ITS FINAL DEATH THROES! ONE LONE FIGURE WHO GRIMLY GRIPS THE IRON BARS AS HE WATCHES THE GATHERING TWILIGHT BEGIN TO CREEP OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE!

NOW I CAN FEEL IT! MY THROAT GROWS TIGHT! MY HEAD IS THROBBING! A BLACK HAZE SEEMS TO BE COVERING MY BRAIN...

I'M CHANGING! HEAVEN HELP ME, I CAN NO LONGER STOP IT--NO LONGER CONTROL MYSELF! I--I--
TURN THE PAGE.

PALITOY REGD

Boy! get

ACTION man

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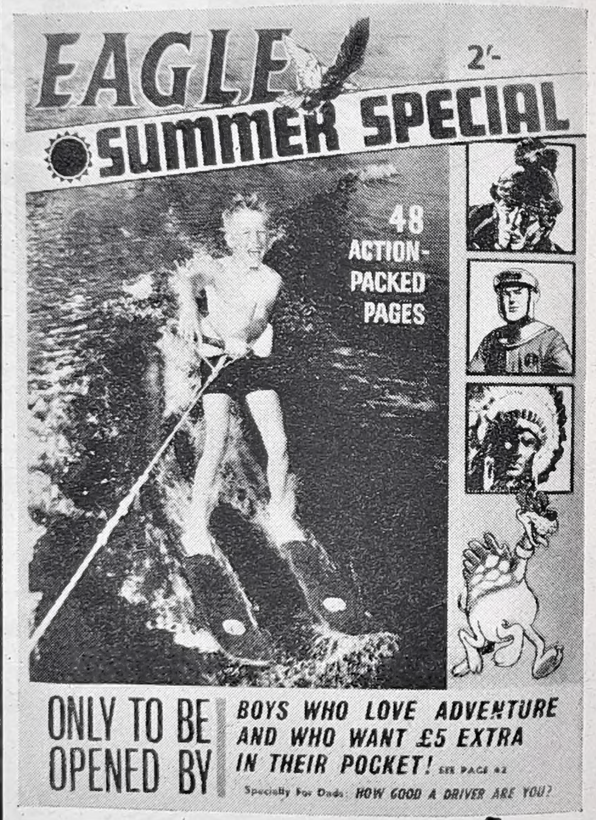
BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE K1

IT'S HERE!
A BONUS FROM BRITAIN'S BRIGHTEST BOYS' PAPER!


EAGLE
2'-
SUMMER SPECIAL
48 ACTION-PACKED PAGES
ONLY TO BE OPENED BY
BOYS WHO LOVE ADVENTURE AND WHO WANT £5 EXTRA IN THEIR POCKET!
SEE PAGE 42
Specially For Dads: HOW GOOD A DRIVER ARE YOU?

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EAGLE SUMMER SPECIAL ON SALE NOW

AHHHHHHH...
AND THERE IN THE CELL, UNNOTICED BY ANY HUMAN EYES, THE HULK AGAIN APPEARS!
SMASHING THE CONCRETE WALL, THE STEEL BARS, AS THOUGH THEY ARE CARDBOARD, HE LUNGES OUT INTO THE OPEN!
LOOK! IT'S THE HULK!
HURRY! LOAD AND FIRE!
HE--HE'S RIPPING A RAIL RIGHT OUT OF THOSE TRACKS!
BEFORE THE STARTLED ARTILLERYMEN CAN BRING THEIR WEAPON INTO PLAY, THE MOST AWESOME CREATURE ON EARTH LUMBERS TOWARD THEM LIKE A LIVING BATTERING RAM!
RUN! NOTHIN' CAN HOLD HIM!!
AND, A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, ANOTHER PAIR OF ALERT EYES STARE IN DISBELIEF!
D-DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
HE--HE'S COMING TOWARD US!
JUMP FOR YOUR LIFE!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! WE'VE GOT TO WARN GENERAL ROSS!
GENERAL--! HE LOCKED ME IN A CELL!
HE IS MY ENEMY! I MUST FIND HIM --MUST FIND GENERAL!
HERE! THIS IS HIS HOME!
IS THAT YOU, DAD?
OH, NO!! HELP!
HELP!!
IT'S MY DAUGHTER! THE HULK MUST HAVE APPEARED AGAIN! ATTACK!
HE WON'T ESCAPE US THIS TIME!
BREAK DOWN THE DOOR!
HURRY!
WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT OVER-GROWN GORILLA ONCE AND FOR ALL!
IS THE HULK TRAPPED? SEE OVER THE PAGE –

WHOOOFF!

TAKING NO CHANCES, "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS ORDERS A CHARGING TANK TO SMASH INTO THE **REAR** OF THE HOUSE!

FASTER! EVERY SECOND COUNTS!

LET ME THROUGH! I'M THE ONLY ONE CAN REASON WITH 'IM!

SECONDS LATER, TOAD MEN AND EARTH INVASIONS ARE MOMENTARILY FORGOTTEN AS THE **HULK** AND HIS PURSUERS STAND FACE TO FACE, AND DESTINY SEEMS TO HOLD HER BREATH, WAITING FOR THE NEXT FATEFUL MOVE!

HOLD YOUR FIRE! YOU MIGHT HIT MY DAUGHTER!

DON'T SHOOT! LET **ME** GO TO HIM!

HULK--**HULK!** IT'S ME, RICK! YOUR FRIEND!

THE HULK **HAS** NO FRIENDS!

NOW'S OUR CHANCE! **GET HIM!**

LIKE A MADDENED GRIZZLY SHAKING OFF THE ATTACK OF A PACK OF WOLVES, THE HULK HURLS HIS FOES FROM HIM!

AND THEN, MOVING WITH UNBELIEVABLE SPEED FOR ONE SO HUGE, THE HULK LIFTS THE SIDE OF THE WOODEN BUILDING AS THOUGH IT IS A PAPER BOX, AND...

STOP HIM! HE'S GETTIN' AWAY!

TOO MANY MEN! GOT TO GET AWAY! TAKE YOU AS HOSTAGE!

NO-- **NO!**

THEN, BEFORE THE STUNNED FIGHTING MEN CAN MARSHAL THEIR FORCES AGAIN, THE LUMBERING GIANT AND HIS PRISONER SOON LOSE THEMSELVES IN THE GLOOM OF EVENING!

BUT ONE SMALL FIGURE SEPARATES FROM THE OTHERS, AS RICK JONES FOLLOWS A HUNCH...

THE LAB! HE MUST BE TAKING HER TO BRUCE BANNER'S LAB!

AND THE BOY IS **RIGHT!**

WHO **ARE** YOU?? WHY DO YOU HATE US SO??

HATE YOU?? WHY **SHOULDN'T** I HATE YOU? WHY SHOULDN'T I HATE **ALL** MANKIND??

LOOK WHAT MEN HAVE **DONE** TO ME!

BUT THEY WILL HOUND ME NO NO LONGER! FOR NOW THE HULK WILL FIGHT BACK! ...ON **MY OWN TERMS!**

THEN, AT THAT VERY INSTANT...

HULK! STOP! DON'T! LISTEN TO ME--

YOU! THIS TIME I SILENCE YOU-- FOREVER!

WAIT! YOU'VE **GOT** TO LISTEN! WE **NEED** YOU! EARTH IS IN DANGER! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP! YOU'VE **GOT** TO UNDERSTAND!

AND, EVEN AS RICK FRANTICALLY PLEADS WITH THE THING THAT CONFRONTS HIM--EVEN AS THE HULK GETS CLOSER, **THROUGHOUT** THE LAND MORE AND MORE EARTHQUAKES AND UPHEAVELS BEGIN TO TAKE THEIR TOLL...

BUT WE CAN NEVER KNOW WHETHER RICK JONES' WORDS MIGHT HAVE SWAYED THE MIGHTY HULK, FOR THE OCCUPANTS OF THE SMALL COTTAGE ARE SUDDENLY FLUNG OFF BALANCE AS A VIOLENT EARTH TREMOR STRIKES!

SLOWLY, THE DAZED BOY PICKS HIMSELF UP, BUT THE MASSIVE FORM OF THE HULK IS STILL--MOTIONLESS--AS THE FIRST FAINT RAYS OF DAYLIGHT BATHE IT IN THEIR EERIE GLOW--AS THE HARSH, BRUTAL FEATURES BEGIN TO SOFTEN, AND CHANGE...

UNTIL FINALLY...

DOC! WHAT A **RELIEF!** I THOUGHT I WAS DONE FOR THAT TIME FOR **SURE!**

GIVE ME MY GLASSES, RICK! AND THEN--TELL ME--QUICKLY--WHAT HAPPENED! I-I CAN'T REMEMBER--IT'S LIKE AN UGLY, FADING NIGHTMARE!

STILL **MORE** ON THE NEXT PAGE—

QUICKLY, THE EXCITED TEEN-AGER RELATES THE FANTASTIC EVENTS OF THE PREVIOUS NIGHT, AND THEN...

SHE'S STILL UNCONSCIOUS! PERHAPS IT'S BETTER THIS WAY! SHE CANNOT KNOW MY TERRIBLE SECRET!

SHE'LL BE SAFE HERE NOW...AS SAFE AS **ANY-ONE** CAN BE IN THIS FEARFUL WORLD!

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HERE, SHE'LL COME TO SOON! WE'LL LET HER REST ON THE COUCH!

WHAT ABOUT **US,** DOC! WHAT DO WE DO NEXT? WHAT ABOUT THE TOAD MEN! IF **YOU** CAN'T STOP 'EM, **NOBODY** CAN!

THERE'S ONLY **ONE** CHANCE, RICK! THEY DERIVE ALL THEIR POWER BY HARNESSING THE FORCE OF MAGNETIC ENERGY! IF ONLY THAT ENERGY CAN BE TURNED **AGAINST** THEM...

FOLLOW ME! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE GAMMA RAY GUN! IT WAS THE POWER OF THE GAMMA RAYS THAT TURNED ME INTO THE HULK! NO ONE CAN PREDICT WHAT THEIR EFFECT WOULD BE ON A FIELD OF MAGNETIC ENERGY! PERHAPS...

I'LL NEED ABOUT SIXTY SECONDS TO ACTIVATE IT!

DOC! I HEAR VOICES OUTSIDE **NOW!**

THEY RAN IN HERE, GENERAL!

OPEN UP, BANNER! WE KNOW YOU'RE THERE! THE **HULK** ESCAPED US, BUT **YOU** WON'T! I SWEAR IT!

I'VE GOT TO HOLD 'EM OFF --JUST FOR ANOTHER FEW SECONDS! **I'VE GOT TO!**

STAY **OUT!** YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOIN'! GIVE HIM ANOTHER FEW SECONDS!

THUD

'STAY BACK! I **WARNED** YOU!

IT'S **OPEN!** GET--**GLUG!**

AND THEN, BEFORE ANYONE CAN MAKE ANOTHER MOVE, THE MAGNIFICENT WEAPON IS FIRED! WITH A MIND-STAGGERING BURST OF BLAZING LIGHT, IT HURLS ITS CHARGE OF SHEER GAMMA ENERGY ACROSS THE THOUSANDS OF MILES WHICH LEAD TO THE FLEET OF THE TOAD MEN...

...GAMMA ENERGY WHICH STRIKES THE ALIENS' MAGNETIC FIELD HEAD ON, REVERSING THE ATTRACTION OF THEIR RAYS, AND SENDING THE TOAD SHIPS SPINNING ACROSS THE VOID OF SPACE, HELPLESSLY OUT OF CONTROL... FOREVER!

AND, WITH THE FADING OF THE MAGNETIC FORCE, THE MOON AGAIN RESUMES ITS NATURAL ORBIT, AS A GRATEFUL EARTH RETURNS TO NORMAL!

THE EARTH TREMORS HAVE STOPPED!

THE TOAD FLEET IS GONE! WE'RE SAVED--**SAVED!**

FFF! FFF!

THEN, SINCE NO ONE DARES CALL THE MAN WHO SAVED EARTH A TRAITOR, BRUCE BANNER AND RICK ARE RELEASED, JUST BEFORE THE FALL OF NIGHT! AND, AT THE HOME OF GENERAL ROSS...

I **TOLD** YOU WE COULD TRUST BRUCE, DAD!

HRRUMMPH!

24

EVEN THOUGH HE MANAGED TO CLEAR HIMSELF **THIS** TIME, I'M **STILL** SUSPICIOUS OF HIM! I **STILL** FEEL THERE'S SOME CONNECTION BETWEEN HIM AND THAT DING-BLASTED **HULK!** FOR ALL WE KNOW, HE AND THE HULK ARE TOGETHER RIGHT NOW, PLANNING NEW DEVILMENT!

OH, DAD...

YES, BRUCE BANNER AND THE HULK **ARE** TOGETHER--BUT NOT THE WAY THUNDERBOLT THINKS!

FOR, AT THAT MOMENT, IN A GLOOMY DUNGEON BENEATH THE SEA, **THE HULK** POUNDS VAINLY ON A TEN-FEET THICK CONCRETE WALL, AS RICK JONES SAYS A SILENT PRAYER—WAITING—WAITING FOR THE BREAK OF DAY WHICH WILL BRING THEIR NEXT FANTASTIC ADVENTURE!

IF YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS ***THE HULK***— *DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S* **SMASH!**

BE A SMASHER — WRITE TO SMASH!

DON'T let the eleven-plus get you down. And if it's O-levels or A-levels that are your problem, forget them too. Because right now it's Smash time. And, anyway, if some of your letters to us are anything to judge by, it's you who should be putting the questions, not the examiners. Here's hoping we get the answers right.

Dear Alf and Cos,

My sister has a troll but it doesn't look a bit like the trolls that have captured Rollo Stones and Danny Charter.

David Allen,
Greenwich, London.

Sounds as if your sister's troll comes from a different place from the trolls Rollo and Danny are mixed up with. We're glad—for your sister's sake!

Dear Smash,

I buy Smash every week and my sister, who is sixteen, says she doesn't like it. But she always reads it and sometimes I can't get it away from her.

Timothy Riley,
Liverpool.

Well—you know what women are like, Tim. We have trouble with 'em too.

CARTOON FROM J. LEE, ELTHAM.

Dear Smash,

I like the Man from Bungle, but I thought the cover you had with the Five Faces of Evil on it was the best cover you have had.

Keith Daniels,
Doncaster.

We liked it too, Keith. Our friends say we look like Balbin of the Trolls and Necro the sorcerer—but it isn't true. We're not that good-looking.

Sorry we can't answer all your letters personally, but if we tried to we'd have no time to write Smash. But we read 'em, every single one. So keep writing.

QUEEN OF THE SEAS

ENOCH DRIP, 'QUEENIE'S CAPTAIN, THINKS HE HAS CAUGHT THE 'GALLOPING PURPLE SPLOTCH' DISEASE. SO HE AND HIS MATE, BERTIE, TAKE THE SHIP TO THE ARCTIC, SEARCHING FOR WHALE-FAT, A CURE FOR THE DISEASE. UNFORTUNATELY, THEY HAVE COVERED THEMSELVES IN A BIG CLOTH AND...

THE CLOTH MAKES 'QUEENIE' LOOK LIKE A WHALE — AND HERE COMES A WHALING SHIP!

FIRE!

RIP

AWLK!

ERK! SOMEONE'S HARPOONED OUR BOILER!

HISS-S!

GOT HER! ABOUT TURN AND TOW HER BACK TO THE FACTORY SHIP!

TWENTY MINUTES LATER, 'QUEENIE HAS BEEN HANDED OVER TO THE WHALE FACTORY SHIP...

START WINCHES! HEAVE HER ABOARD!

HELP! WE'VE BEEN MISTAKEN FOR A WHALE!

HEY! THEY WOULD HAVE PLENTY OF WHALE-FAT TO CURE MY DISEASE! GET ABOARD THAT SHIP, BERTIE!

AND SO...

SUFFERING SEA-SLUGS! CAPN'! LOOK! A BIG FAT SLOB HAS JUST APPEARED OUT OF THAT WHALE!

?

HEY, THERE! WHALING TUB AHOY!

TWANG!

HURRY, BERTIE, AN' GET THAT BARREL FULL UP!

A-HOY!

DON'T FLUSTER ME! I AM HURRYIN-

BAH! THIS IS MADNESS! SPEED UP THAT WINCH, AND LET'S GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

AYE, AYE, CAP'N!

SPEED UP THAT WINCH, FINCH! CAP'N'S ORDERS!

AYE, AYE, BOSUN!

BR-R-R-R!

AGH-H!

ZIP!

WHEE-E-E-E!

BAM!

EE-E-EEK! ME TEETH!

ZIP!

THEN AS QUEENIE ROARS UP THE RAMP...

WHIZZ!

ZING!

AGH! IT'S 'QUEENIE'!

AWLK! - GLUB!

GLUB!

BLUBBER

BUOYANT

WE'RE DOOMED! EVERYBODY INTO A LIFEBOAT!

EEK! STOP THE WINCH!

LAST MAN IN THE LIFEBOAT'S A CISSY!

WHIZZ!

ZOOM!

AGH! NO! NO! D-DON'T LET IT HAPPEN, PLEASE, FINCH!

STREWTH! WE'RE HOLED FROM BOWS TO STERN!

CRASH!

S. S. GLUGGLEBLUBBER

TAKE TO THE WHALE!

SIX SECONDS LATER, THE 60,000-TON WHALER SINKS WITHOUT A TRACE!

WHOO!

ERK!

AFTER THE DISASTER...

CAPTAIN DRIP, SIR! I'VE GOT YOUR WHALE-FAT! CAPTAIN DRIP — WHERE ARE YOU?

OO-ER!..

...THAT SPLASH HAS SPLOSHED ALL ME SPLOTCHES OFF!

GUR! YOU FAT-HEAD! IT WAS PURPLE PERISHING PAINT ALL THE TIME!

HEE-HEE! FANCY THAT!

WHAT ARE WE GOIN' TO DO NOW — BLUBBER! — STRANDED IN THE ARCTIC WITHOUT GRUB! IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!

TAKE A LOOK ABOVE, BERTIE-BOY!

COR! A WHALE'S BONE!

'QUEENIE' COLLECTED IT AS SHE WAS TAKING THAT SHORT-CUT THROUGH THE WHALER!

AND SO, THEY HAVE A WHALE OF A TIME ALL THE WAY HOME — BURP!

HORRIBLE SMELL OF WHALEBONE SOUP!

SLURP! SLULLUP! SLOBBER!

HIC! BURP!

SLURP IT UP, OL' BOY! THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM!

THE GHOST PATROL

THE GHOST PATROL HAS TRAVELLED BACK IN TIME TO THE YEAR 1,000 B.C. BY A TIME-MACHINE. IN AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TEMPLE THEY EXAMINE SOME 'RELICS' FOUND BY THE EGYPTIANS. SERGEANT JOE PUTS ON ONE OF THE RELICS — AN ODD-LOOKING HELMET — AND FLOATS UPWARDS!

THIS BLINKING HELMET — IT'S *LEVITATING* ME — AND I DON'T KNOW HOW TO STOP IT!

THERE MUST BE *CONTROLS* ON IT SOMEWHERE, SARGE!

PUTTING HIS HAND UP TO HIS HELMET, SERGEANT JOE FOUND A ROW OF TINY KNOBS...

AHH! THIS FEELS LIKE SOMETHING — I'LL TRY TURNING THE KNOBS, ONE AFTER THE OTHER!

THE SERGEANT TWISTED A KNOB, AND SUDDENLY HE BEGAN TO HURTLE FORWARD THROUGH THE AIR...

GREAT SCOTT! UNLESS I DO SOMETHING DOUBLE-QUICK, I'M HEADING FOR A COLOSSAL **SMASH-UP!**

AN INSTANT LATER, HE WAS DODGING FRANTICALLY AMONG THE TOPS OF THE PILLARS...

IT'S INCREDIBLE — I CAN HEAR EVERYTHING THE SARGE IS SAYING THROUGH THIS CONTRAPTION!

IT MUST BE SOME KIND OF INTERCOM CONNECTING UP WITH THE HELMET!

AT LAST, JOE FOUND THE RIGHT KNOB — AND HE CAME DRIFTING IN GENTLY TO LAND...

NOW I'VE GOT THE HANG OF THIS THING, I COULD STAY UP HERE FOR HOURS!

COME ON, SARGE, LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT IT! THE MYSTERY IS, WHAT IS A FANTASTIC GADGET LIKE THAT DOING IN AN *ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TEMPLE*?

EGYPTIAN PRIESTS HAD BEEN WATCHING FROM THE SHADOWS — AND NOW THEY CAME SLOWLY FORWARD...

YES — IT IS AS THE PHARAOH SAID! THESE STRANGERS MUST BE FROM *ATLANTIS* — THEY KNOW HOW TO USE THE ANCIENT RELICS!

HEY — WHO SAID THAT?

IT'S THE PRIESTS! THEY SPOKE TO ME IN **ENGLISH!** THEY THINK WE COME FROM ATLANTIS! DID YOU HEAR THAT, BLOKES?

IT SOUNDED JUST LIKE JABBER TO ME!

I TELL YOU IT WAS **ENGLISH** — AND IF THEY SPOKE ENGLISH, THEY MUST *UNDERSTAND IT!* YOU PRIESTS — DO YOU KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING?

IF A MAN WEARS THE MAGIC BOX, HE CAN SPEAK *ALL* TONGUES, AND KNOW THEM ALL!

IT WAS THE SERGEANT WHO SUDDENLY REALISED WHAT WAS HAPPENING...

THE BOX WITH THE EARPHONES MUST BE A *TRANSLATOR!* IT CAN TRANSLATE ANY LANGUAGE, AND IT'S CONNECTED WITH THIS FLYING HELMET IN SOME WAY!

IT WAS JOCK, WEARING THE TRANSLATOR, WHO TOLD SERGEANT JOE WHAT THE PRIESTS WERE SAYING...

IT'S A SHIELD, SARGE — SPEARS AND ARROWS CAN'T HURT YOU IF YOU'RE USING IT, *AND* YOU CAN GO ANYWHERE!

JOCK GRABBED AT THE SERGEANT IN ALARM, BUT HIS HAND PASSED RIGHT THROUGH HIM...!

THAT'LL BE ENOUGH OF *THAT*, CORPORAL McLUCKIE!

WOW! THERE'S NOTHING THERE! *YOU'RE TRANSPARENT!*

THE PATROL GATHERED ROUND THE THREE MYSTERIOUS RELICS...

SO NOW WE KNOW WHAT *TWO* OF THE RELICS ARE FOR — BUT WHAT ABOUT THE THIRD? IT LOOKS LIKE SOME SORT OF WEAPON TO ME!

THEIR LEADER HAS PICKED UP THE MIGHTY SHIELD!

LET US TELL THEM WHAT IT CAN DO!

FUMBLING AROUND ON THE WEAPON-LIKE DEVICE, SERGEANT JOE FOUND A ROD IN A SLOT. HE PRESSED ON THE ROD — IT SLID DOWN THE SLOT — AND SUDDENLY...

HEY — WHAT'S HAPPENING?

YOU'RE TURNING INTO SMOKE!

NO WONDER THEY CALL THIS GADGET THE *SHIELD*, LADS! IT DOESN'T FEND THINGS OFF — IT LETS THEM PASS RIGHT *THROUGH* YOU! EVEN WALLS CAN'T STOP YOU!

THE SERGEANT WENT UP TO THE ALTAR — AND WALKED RIGHT THROUGH IT!

UNKNOWN TO THE PATROL, ERHART, THEIR NAZI PRISONER, WAS WATCHING FROM THE SHADOWS WHERE THE PRIESTS HAD LEFT HIM...

IF I CAN GET MY HANDS ON *THOSE* DEVICES, THE WHOLE OF EGYPT CAN BE MINE! I THINK I KNOW HOW I CAN FOOL THESE ENGLISH, SO THAT THEY WILL LEAVE THEM ON THE ALTAR FOR *ME* TO TAKE!

Next Week: ERHART ROARS INTO BATTLE!

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

LAST WEEK ROBIN HOOD CAME OUT OF CHARLIE'S TV SET BUT COULDN'T GET BACK. SO NOW ROBIN'S HIDING OUT IN CHARLIE'S BEDROOM...

WELL, ROBIN, THAT'S FIXED THE SET!

BUT YOU CAN'T GO BACK FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS YET—UNTIL YOUR PROGRAMME COMES BACK ON. TROUBLE IS, MUM'S GETTING SUSPICIOUS ABOUT ME SNEAKING FOOD UP TO MY BEDROOM ALL THE TIME.

LEAVE IT TO ME, CHARLIE! I'LL GET MY OWN GRUB.

E-E-E-K!

SEE? IT'S QUITE EASY—YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT GETTING FOOD FOR ME.

I TELL YOU, AN ARROW SHOT OUT FROM THAT WINDOW AND TOOK ONE OF THE CUSTARD PIES FROM MY BOARD.

SO IT **WAS** YOU, CHARLIE BROWN! IT WAS **YOU** WHO PINCHED THAT BAKER'S PIE. JUST LOOK AT THE CRUMBS—YOU CAN'T DENY IT!

B-B-BUT, MUM...

HUH! IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR YOU TO LAUGH, YOU PINCHED THE PIE—AND I GOT TANNED! AND TO THINK I'VE GOT TWO MORE DAYS TO GO. I'M BEGINNING TO GO OFF YOU, ROBIN HOOD...

LET'S SEE WHAT'S ON THE TELLY, BEFORE YOU GET GET ME INTO ANY MORE TROUBLE.

OH, BOY, IT'S GRANNY HADDOCK—YOU CAN GET SOME FOOD FROM HER. YOU WON'T HAVE TO USE YOUR BOW AND ARROW AGAIN—THANK GOODNESS!

HERE YOU ARE, CHARLIE!

OH, BOY! AM I GOING TO ENJOY THIS.

OH, NO! THESE MUST HAVE BEEN SAMPLES MADE OF WAX!

HELP! WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE?

HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU NOT TO BLOW BUBBLES IN YOUR ROOM? YOU CAN DO THAT OUTSIDE!

HUH! **YOUR FAULT** AGAIN—AND I GOT TANNED AGAIN. I'M NOT WAITING TWO MORE DAYS—I'LL BE TANNED **RAW** BY THEN!

HERE—PUT THIS ON!

THERE—THAT SHOULD DO THE TRICK. YOU LOOK THE PART NOW.

COME ON—IN YOU GO. HURRY IT UP...

B-B-BUT, CHARLIE—THIS ISN'T **MY** PROGRAMME!

AND NOW OUR SPECIAL GUEST STAR THIS WEEK—PHILIP SOFTBEN—

GOSH, THAT BLOKE ROLLING THE DOUGH IS JUST LIKE ROBIN HOOD, BUT HE CAN'T BE—THIS IS GRANNY HADDOCK'S COOKERY PROGRAMME!

OH YEAH?

THE NERVS

THAT'S A NICE **WARM GLOW** YOU'VE GOT ON YOUR CHEEKS, FATTY.

I'D BE WORRIED IF I DIDN'T HAVE IT. I'VE ALWAYS HAD RED, ROSY CHEEKS!

LATER...

HUH! IT'S OUR JOB TO KEEP THAT WARM GLOW IN FATTY'S CHEEKS...

YEAH! US **CHEEK NERVS** HAVE TO KEEP THIS **FIRE** GOING DAY AND NIGHT!

HEY! THERE'S **NO COAL** LEFT! THE COAL-MAN HASN'T BEEN!

Fizzz!

HELP! THE FIRE'S ALMOST OUT—WE'LL HAVE TO GO TO THE **ARM PIT!**

W—WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? THE GLOW HAS GONE FROM MY CHEEKS!

MEANWHILE...

PIT No.1

SORRY, MATES! THE COAL VEIN'S RUN OUT—WE'RE TRYING TO FIND A NEW ONE!

WHAT—?!! **NO COAL!** HOW CAN WE KEEP FATTY'S CHEEKS ROSY?

COME ON—WE'LL TRY **COLLAR COLLIERY.** THEY MIGHT HAVE SOME COAL FOR US.

HMPTT...

BUT, UNDER FATTY'S HOT, GRITTY COLLAR...

HEART BUNKER 2ND ON RIGHT

HMM!

SORRY—THE ***HEART NERVS*** GET **ALL** OUR COAL. THEY'VE GOT TO KEEP FATTY'S BLOOD AT A **STEADY 98·4 DEGREES!**

NERV MINING COMPANY

GREEDY LOT! CAN'T THEY SPARE US ***ANY?***

COME ON—LET'S **PINCH** SOME! WHY SHOULD THEY HAVE IT ALL?

HEART BUNKER 2ND ON RIGHT

HEH! HEH! **WHY INDEED?!**

HANDS OFF!

KEEP OUT HEART COAL BUNKER PRIVATE PROPERTY

SHHH!—QUIETLY DOES IT...

FORE!

PRIVATE

THWACK!

FOUR? WE ONLY GOT ***TWO!!!*** TWO LUMPS!

BUMP!

BASH!

HOW'S ***THAT!*** I GOT OUT OF THAT BUNKER IN ***ONE!*** LOVELY SHOT, EH?

KEEP OUT HEART COAL BUNKER PRIVATE PROPERTY

NOW TO **HOLE IT.**

GRRR—FUNNY GUY, EH?

I SAY! THOSE CHEEKY CADS ARE TAKING THE HEART'S COAL—!!

KEEP OFF!

MY DRIVER—**QUICKLY, MAN!**

CADDY

GET OUT OF IT, YOU THIEVES!

ROTTER! WE ONLY WANTED A FEW LUMPS!

HELP!

HEART DEPT

THROB!

HEH! HEH! YOU GOT **A FEW LUMPS—ON YOUR HEADS—SNIGGER!**

NOW TO GRAB HIS CLUBS!

CADDY

BASH!

COME BACK WITH MY **!! CLUBS..**

NOT ON YOUR LIFE!

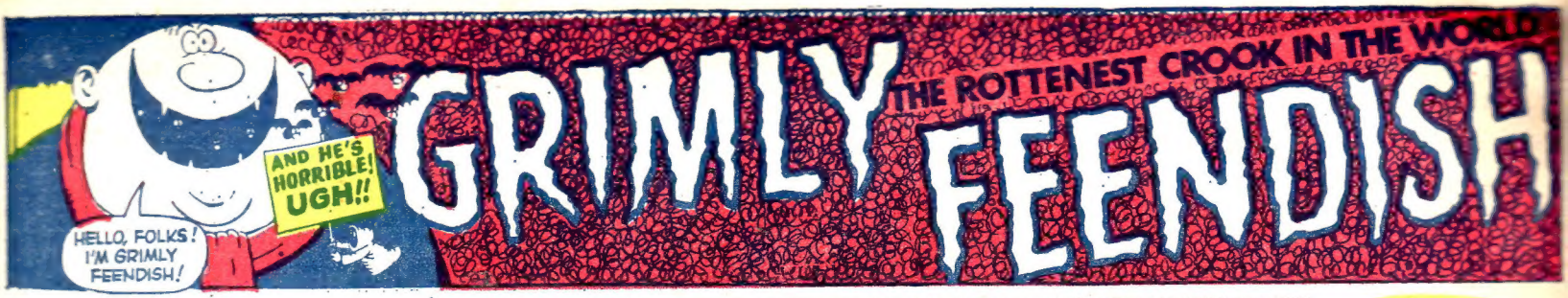
PASS ME A DRIVER—SNIGGER!

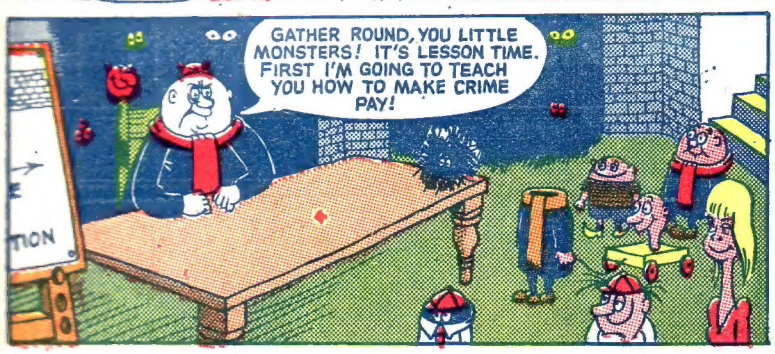
THESE CLUBS WILL KEEP A LOVELY FIRE GOING TILL THE COALMAN CALLS!

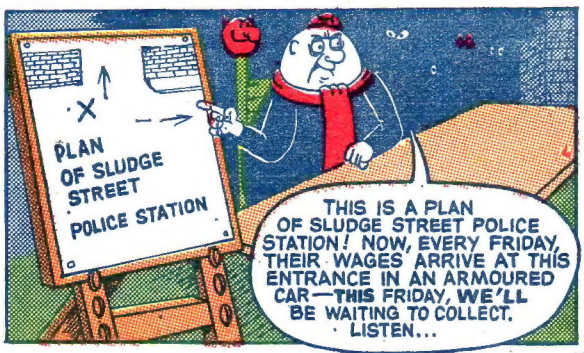
AH! I'M ALL RIGHT! MY CHEEKS ARE ALL **GLOWING** AGAIN! I'M NOT ILL, AFTER ALL!

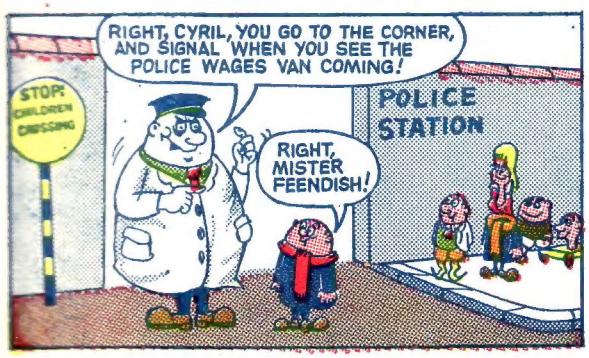
GRIMLY FEENDISH

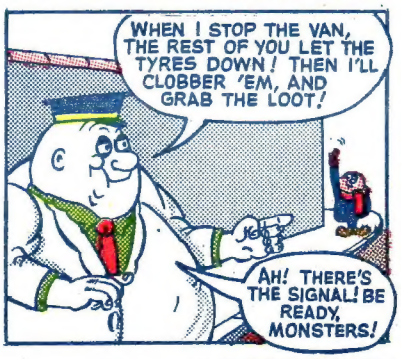
THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD

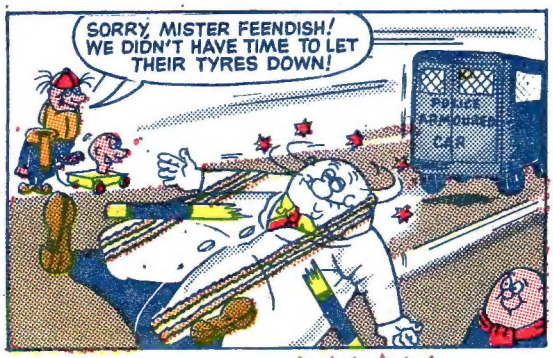




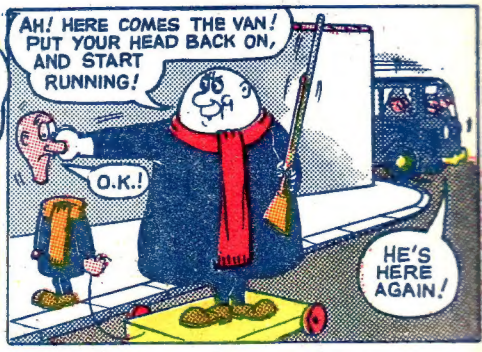

PLAN OF SLUDGE STREET POLICE STATION
THIS IS A PLAN OF SLUDGE STREET POLICE STATION! NOW, EVERY FRIDAY, THEIR WAGES ARRIVE AT THIS ENTRANCE IN AN ARMOURED CAR—THIS FRIDAY, WE'LL BE WAITING TO COLLECT. LISTEN...

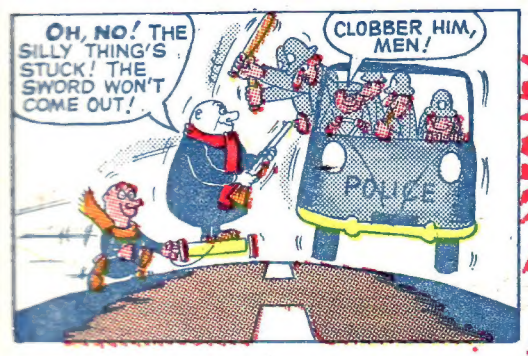

RIGHT, CYRIL, YOU GO TO THE CORNER, AND SIGNAL WHEN YOU SEE THE POLICE WAGES VAN COMING!
STOP! CHILDREN CROSSING
POLICE STATION
RIGHT, MISTER FEENDISH!

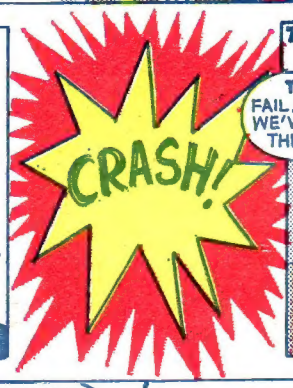

WHEN I STOP THE VAN, THE REST OF YOU LET THE TYRES DOWN! THEN I'LL CLOBBER 'EM, AND GRAB THE LOOT!
AH! THERE'S THE SIGNAL! BE READY, MONSTERS!

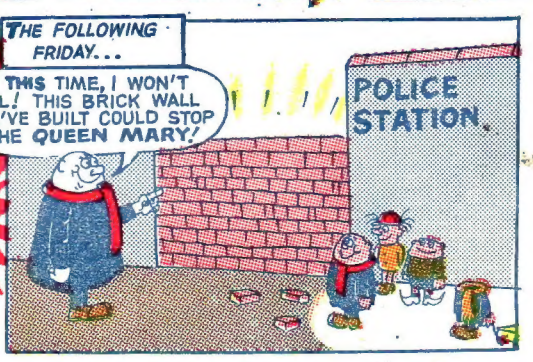


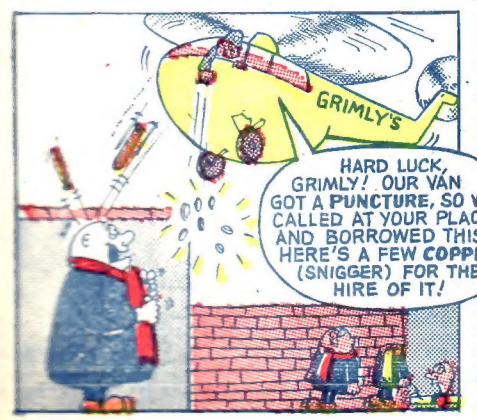
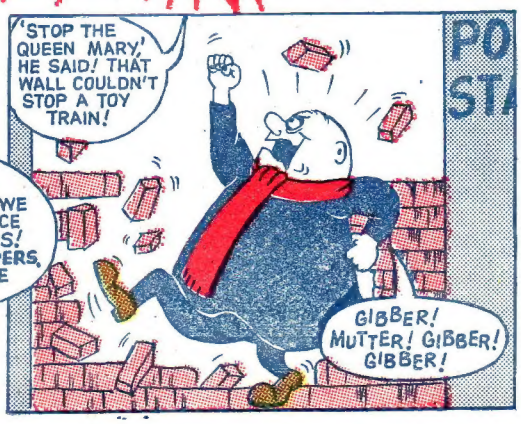
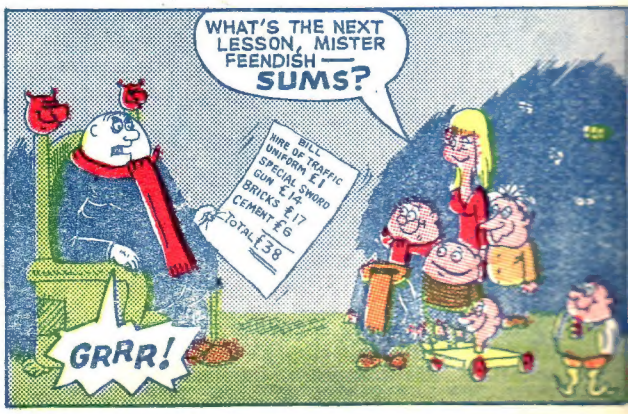
THE FOLLOWING FRIDAY...
IT WON'T FAIL THIS TIME! I'VE GOT A CUNNING NEW WEAPON! A SWORD, DISGUISED AS A GUN! I'LL SLASH THEIR TYRES WITH IT AND THEY WON'T SUSPECT A THING!










GRIMLY'S
HARD LUCK, GRIMLY! OUR VAN GOT A PUNCTURE, SO WE CALLED AT YOUR PLACE AND BORROWED THIS! HERE'S A FEW COPPERS, (SNIGGER) FOR THE HIRE OF IT!